

The University of Toronto  
Faculty of Music

*FACULTY  
RECITAL  
SERIES*

*The Meridian Ensemble*

*Keith Atkinson, oboe  
Amy Hamilton, flute  
Joan Watson, horn  
Kent McWilliams, piano*

*Saturday, November 13, 1993*

*8 pm*

*Walter Hall*

*Edward Johnson Building*





# *The Meridian Ensemble*

## *Programme*

### *Trio*

*Allegro con brio*  
*Andante semplice*  
*Allegro giocoso*

*Madeleine Dring*  
(1923 - 1977)

### *Duo for Flute and Oboe*

*Sonata*  
*Pastorale*  
*Fuga*

*Alberto Ginastera*  
(1916 - 1983)

### *Duo for Flute and Piano*

*Flowing*  
*Poetic, somewhat mournful*  
*Lively, with bounce*

*Aaron Copland*  
(1900 - 1990)

♦ ♦ *INTERMISSION* ♦ ♦

### *Trio, Opus 88*

*Allegro Moderato*  
*Scherzo*  
*Adagio*  
*Finale*

*Carl Reinecke*  
(1824 - 1910)

## NOTES AND TRANSLATIONS

### Lieder by Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel

#### Sehnsucht (Longing)

Johann Gustav Droysen

- 1) Farther and farther away fades the song of the dance. All is silent around me. Only in my full heart is there no peace yet.
- 2) Listen! night hovers in the sky. Her robe rustles softly through the trees.  
Thus my passionate wishes and dreams roam the world.

#### Verlust (Loss)

Heinrich Heine

And if the little flowers knew how deeply wounded my heart is, they would weep with me to heal my pain.  
And if the nightingales knew how sad and sick I am, they would happily sing out their refreshing song.  
And if the little stars knew my pain,  
they would come down from the sky and comfort me. None of them can know; only one person knows my pain.  
He himself tore my heart in pieces.

### Die Nonne (The Nun)

- the quiet convent garden a pale girl was walking. The moon shone dimly; on her eyelash hung a tear of love.
- 2) "I am happy that my true love has died! Now I may love him again, for he will be an angel, and I may be an angel!"
  - 3) She hesitantly approached the image of Mary; it shone and looked down maternally on the pure girl.
  - 4) She sank down before the statue and gazed upward with heavenly peace until her eyes closed in death; her veil fluttered down.

### Italien (Italy)

Franz Grillparzer

- 1) More and more beautiful is the countryside; enticing breezes blow toward me. Away from prosaic burdens and troubles!  
I am going to the land of poesy. The sun is more golden, the sky bluer, nature is greener, fragrances are spicier!
- 2) Next to the stalk of grain, swelling with sap, the rugged aloe plant struggles upward.  
Pale olive tree and dark cypress, are you not nodding like lovely ladies in greeting?  
What is shining there in the foliage, sparkling like gold? Ah, pomegranate, are you hiding there?
- 3) Defiant god of the North Sea, are you the same one who, down here, murmurs and plays so sweetly?  
Is this the same sea, smooth as a meadow, bright as the sky, that is fearsome in the north? Here I want to live!  
You divine Siren, Naples, can you calm the waves? Now try whether, in this delightful Eden, you can also calm my emotions!



## NOTES AND TRANSLATIONS

## Five Poems by Mathilde Wesendonk

## 1. The Angel

In the early days of childhood  
 I often heard that there were angels  
 who would exchange the sublime bliss of heaven  
 for the sun of earth:  
 that, when a sorrowful heart timidly  
 languishes, hidden from the world,  
 that, when it is silently bleeding to death,  
 and pining away in streams of tears,  
 that, when its prayer ardently  
 entreats only for salvation,  
 then the angel floats downward,  
 and lifts it gently toward heaven.  
 Yes, even for me an angel descended,  
 and on shining plumage  
 he now carries my spirit  
 far from every sorrow, heavenward!

## 2. Stand Still!

Rushing, roaring wheel of time,  
 you measurer of eternity;  
 you shining spheres in the vast universe,  
 that encircle the earthly globe;  
 all-eternal creation, cease,  
 enough of becoming, let me be!  
 Halt, procreating power,  
 original purpose, which forever creates!  
 Stand the breathing, still, I crave  
 be silent for only a second!  
 Quickening pulse, restrain the beat;  
 end, eternal day of the will!  
 so that in blissful, sweet forgetfulness  
 I may taste of all raptures!  
 When eye drinks ecstatically in eye,  
 soul is swallowed up entirely in soul;  
 essence in essence finds itself again,  
 and the end of all expectation is proclaimed;  
 lips fall mute in astonished silence,  
 no further desire will the soul engender,  
 man perceives the sign of eternity,  
 and solves your mystery, holy nature!

## 5. Dreams

Tell me, what wonderful dreams  
 hold my soul captive,  
 that have not, like empty bubbles,  
 vanished into bleak nothingness?  
 Dreams which every hour,  
 every day, blossom more beautifully,  
 and with their message from heaven  
 move blissfully through my soul?  
 Dreams which like sublime rays  
 are absorbed in the soul,  
 there to paint an eternal image:  
 forgetfulness of all, remembrance of one!  
 Dreams, as when the spring sun  
 kisses the blossoms out of the snow,  
 so that to never-suspected bliss  
 the new day welcomes them,  
 so that they grow, bloom,  
 dreamingly diffuse their scent,  
 softly die away on your breast  
 and then sink into the grave.

## 3. In the Hothouse

High-arched crowns of leaves,  
 canopies of emerald,  
 you children from distant regions,  
 tell me, why do you grieve?  
 Silently you incline your branches,  
 you trace signs in the air,  
 and, mute witness of sorrows,  
 sweet scent rises upward.  
 Wide, in yearning desire,  
 you spread your arms,  
 and in the bonds of delusion you embrace  
 the futile horror of a desolate void.  
 Indeed, I know it, poor plant:  
 We share one destiny;  
 although bathed in light and radiance,  
 our homeland is not here!  
 And as the sun gladly departs  
 from the empty illusion of the day,  
 he who truly suffers  
 envelops himself in the obscurity of silence.  
 It grows still, a rustling movement  
 timidly fills the dark room.  
 I see heavy drops hanging  
 on the green fringe of the leaves.

## 4. Sorrows

Sun, every evening you weep  
 your lovely eyes red,  
 when, bathing in the mirror of the sea,  
 your early death arrives;  
 but you arise in ancient splendor,  
 glory of the gloomy world,  
 in the morning, newly awakened,  
 like a proud, victorious hero!  
 Ah, why then should I grieve,  
 why, my heart, see you so heavy,  
 if the sun itself must despair,  
 if the sun must perish?  
 and if death only gives birth to life,  
 if sorrows only yield delights:  
 oh, how grateful I am that nature  
 has granted me such sorrows!

## NOTES AND TRANSLATIONS

Chansons de Bilitis (Songs of Bilitis)

Pierre Louÿs

## 1. THE FLUTE OF PAN

For Hyacinthus day  
he has given me a pipe  
made of well-cut reeds,  
bound with white wax  
that is sweet to my lips  
like honey.

He teaches me to play, sitting on his  
knee;

but I am a little tremulous.

He plays it after me,  
so softly that I scarcely hear it.

We have nothing to say,  
so close are we to each other;  
But our songs wish to respond

and from time to time our mouths  
join upon the flute.

It is late;

here is the song of the green frogs  
that begins at nightfall.

My mother will never believe

\_\_\_\_\_ have \_\_\_\_\_ ed \_\_\_\_\_

to look for my lost girl.

\_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_

## 2. THE TRESSES OF HAIR

He said to me:

'Tonight I dreamed,

I had the tresses of your hair around  
my neck.

I had your hair like a black circlet

around the nape of my neck and on  
my breast.

I caressed it and it was my own;  
and we were united for ever thus,

by the same tresses mouth upon  
mouth,

like two laurels that often have but  
one root.

And little by little, it seemed to me,  
so intermingled were our limbs,  
that I became part of you  
or you entered into me like my  
dream.'

When he had done,

he put his hands gently on my

\_\_\_\_\_ shou \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_

and he looked at me with so tender  
a look.

\_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ that I lowered my eyes with \_\_\_\_\_

## 3. THE TOMB OF THE NAIADS

Along the wood covered with frost,  
I walked;  
my hair, hanging down before my  
mouth,

was bespangled with little icicles,  
and my sandals were heavy  
with muddy, packed snow.  
He said to me: 'What do you seek?'  
—'I follow the track of the satyr.  
His little cloven hoof marks alternate  
like holes in a white mantle.'

He said to me: 'The satyrs are dead.  
The satyrs and the nymphs too.  
For thirty years there has not been so  
terrible a winter.

The track that you see is that of a  
buck.

But let us stay here, where their  
tomb is.'

And with the iron of his spade  
he broke the ice of the spring where

\_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ naia \_\_\_\_\_ ed \_\_\_\_\_

He took some big, cold pieces,  
and raising them towards the pallid

\_\_\_\_\_ y \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_  
he looked through them.

Tel Jour Telle Nuit (Such a Day Such a Night)

Paul Eluard

## 1. A GOOD DAY...

A good day I have again seen whom I  
do not forget

whom I shall never forget  
and women fleeing by whose eyes  
formed for me a hedge of honour  
they wrapped themselves in their  
smiles

a good day I have seen my friends  
carefree

the men were light in weight  
one who passed by  
his shadow changed into a mouse  
fled into the gutter

I have seen the great wide sky  
the beautiful eyes of those deprived  
of everything  
distant shore where no one lands

a good day which began mournfully

dark under the green trees  
but which suddenly drenched with  
dawn  
invaded my heart unawares.

## 2. A RUIN AN EMPTY SHELL...

A ruin an empty shell  
weeps into its apron  
the children who play around it  
make less sound than flies

the ruin goes groping  
to seek its cows in the meadow  
I have seen the day I see that  
without shame

It is midnight like an arrow  
in a heart within reach  
of the sprightly nocturnal  
glimmerings  
which gainsay sleep.

3. THE BROW LIKE A  
LOST FLAG...

The brow like a lost flag  
I drag you when I am alone  
through the cold streets  
the dark rooms  
crying in misery

I do not want to let them go  
your clear and complex hands  
born in the enclosed mirror of my  
own

all the rest is perfect  
all the rest is even more useless  
than life

hollow the earth beneath your  
shadow

a sheet of water reaching the breasts  
wherein to drown oneself  
like a stone.



## NOTES AND TRANSLATIONS

Tel Jour Telle Nuit (Such a Day Such a Night)

Paul Eluard

4. A GYPSY WAGON ROOFED  
WITH TILES...

A gypsy wagon roofed with tiles  
the horse dead a child master  
thinking his brow blue with hatred  
of two breasts beating down upon  
him  
like two fists

this melodrama tears away from us  
the sanity of the heart.

7. I LONG ONLY TO  
LOVE YOU...

I long only to love you  
a storm fills the valley  
a fish the river

I have formed you to the pattern of  
my solitude  
the whole world to hide in  
days and nights to understand one  
another

to see nothing more in your eyes  
but when I think of you  
and of a world in your likeness

and of days and nights ordered by  
your eyelids.

## 5. RIDING FULL TILT...

Riding full tilt you whose phantom  
prances at night on a violin  
come to reign in the woods

the lashings of the tempest  
seek their path by way of you  
you are not of those  
whose desires one imagines

come drink a kiss here  
surrender to the fire which drives  
you to despair.

8. IMAGE OF FIERY WILD  
FORCEFULNESS...

Image of fiery wild forcefulness  
black hair wherein the gold flows  
towards the south  
on corrupt nights  
engulfed gold tainted star  
in a bed never shared

to the veins of the temples  
as to the tips of the breasts  
life denies itself  
no one can blind the eyes  
drink their brilliance or their tears  
the blood above them triumphs for  
itself alone

intractable unbounded  
useless  
this health builds a prison.

## 6. SCANTY GRASS...

Scanty grass  
wild  
appeared in the snow  
it was health  
my mouth marvelled  
at the savour of pure air it had  
it was withered.

## 9. WE HAVE MADE NIGHT\*...

We have made night I hold your  
hand I watch over you  
I sustain you with all my strength  
I engrave on a rock the star of your  
strength  
deep furrows where the goodness of  
your body will germinate  
I repeat to myself your secret voice  
your public voice  
I laugh still at the haughty woman  
whom you treat like a beggar  
at the fools whom you respect the  
simple folk in whom you imitate  
yourself  
and in my head which gently begins  
to harm with yours will  
night  
I marvel at the stranger that you  
become  
a stranger resembling you resembling  
all that I love  
which is ever new.

\* We have turned out the light

Charles Ives, ever the eclectic and the experimenter wrote a large number of stylistically diverse songs. While he often set his own texts--"Two Little Flowers", "Slugging a Vampire", "The Circus Band"--he also was inspired by the works of master poets. "Evening" is an excerpt from Milton's Paradise Lost and "From Paracelsus" is a pastiche of lines from Browning's lengthy dramatic poem Paracelsus. Text, for Ives, sometimes even stimulates a musical homage such as his light-hearted tribute to Chopin in "Grove, Rove". Ives found the passage quoted in an essay by Leigh Hunt and said "when it is attached to music it becomes a 'Morceau du Coeur'-a 'Romanzo di Central Park' or an 'Intermezzo Table d'Hote'". Silly, evocative, sly, densely layered, moralistic, sentimental and life-affirming, Ives' songs provide an entertaining and intriguing glimpse into the mind of one of music's true originals.

The Ballad of Princess Caraboo, with words by Elizabeth Brewster, was composed in 1983 and relates the true story (!) of a young woman who responded to her limited 19th century options in a very unique way.



### Tonight's Artists

**Keith Atkinson** is Associate Principal Oboe of the Toronto Symphony. He earned a Bachelor of Music degree from Indiana University, studying with Jerry Sirucek, and a Master of Music degree from Northwestern University, where he was a student of Ray Still. In 1981 he joined the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra as second oboe. He has been a member of the Toronto Symphony since 1985. In addition to his symphonic duties, Mr. Atkinson is on the faculty of the University of Toronto, oboe coach for the Noational Youth Orchestra of Canada, and is an active recitalist and chamber musician.

**Amy Hamilton** received degrees from the Eastman School of Music, Indiana University and Northwestern University, and is now a faculty member at Wilfrid Laurier University. She has performed with the Toronto Symphony, Canadian Opera Company and National Ballet of Canada, and appears in solo recitals and chamber concerts. She coaches flute chamber music at the University of Toronto.

**Kent McWilliams** has appeared as a soloist and chamber musician in Australia, Austria, Canada, France, Germany, Poland and Portugal. His debut was as soloist in Rachmaninov's 3rd Piano Concerto with Kazuhiro Koizumi and the University of Toronto Symphony Orchestra. He has been an award winner at the competitions of Porto (Portugal), the Regina Symphony, the University of Toronto, and the "Canadian Music Competitions". Kent studied under Oleg Maisenberg at the Stuttgart Musikhochschule, after completing his Masters at the University of Toronto, with teacher Boris Lysenko. During 1990/91 he lived in Poland, studying with Andrzej Jasinski. He is currently completing his Doctorate of Music with Marc Durand at the University of Montreal.

**Joan Watson** was born in Dauphin, Manitoba and received a Bachelor of Music in Performance at the University of Victoria, B.C. She was principal horn of the Victoria Symphony for 10 years, then in 1987 she moved to Toronto where she played first horn with the Canadian Opera Orchestra. Her musical activities included performing with the Toronto Philharmonic, Array Music, and the Esprit Orchestra. Ms. Watson has been on the Faculty of Music at the University of Toronto teaching horn since 1987, and has joined the Toronto Symphony as associate principal horn.





Join us for a  
*Celebration Concert*  
as part of the  
**Faculty Artist Series**  
A Celebration in Honour of the Faculty of Music's  
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Beckwith, Kenins, Morawetz, and Weinzwieg

Saturday, November 20, 1993  
8 pm  
Walter Hall  
Tickets \$15/\$10 Box Office 978-3744

**\*\*\*NOTICE\*\*\***  
The Faculty Recital Series  
scheduled for Saturday, December 11, 1993 at 8 pm  
**IS CANCELLED**  
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Join us Monday, November 15, 1993  
8 pm  
**Faculty Recital Series**  
Jo-Anne Bentley, mezzo-soprano  
Rachel Andrist, piano  
Walter Hall  
Tickets \$10/\$5 Box Office 978-3744